

INAPPROPRIATED HAPPY PRESS

10 B

Part 2
of
Double-
Issue

HOLY WEEK EXPERIENCE

The IN-APPROPRIATED PRESS #10

A Zine of Weird Shit & letters'n shit for Roanoke's Anti-Community (shit) and their weird friends around the world

Part 2 of Double Issue!

Anti-Barr KUH!
Anti-Barr KUH!
Anti-Barr KUH!
Anti-Barr KUH!

Woom



- C. Mehrl Bennett

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in Roanoke, Virginia

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(2018 A.D. depending on your chronological priorities)

Look Hard Tryin'

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Monocle-Lash Anti-Press on facebook

for live avant-performance, see
Art Rat Studios on facebook

Featuring:

Matt Ames
McKenna Beaman
C. Mehrl Bennett
John M. Bennett
Célestin Nanteuil
Bradley Chriss
Rachel Braussen
Steve Dalachinsky
Jack Foley
Warren Fry
Jim Leftwich
Musicmaster
Lindsay O'Cartel
William Repass
Jonah Woodstock
Olchar E. Lindsann

BE BLANK

BITES 19 (in *scriptio continua*)

AIRPLANES ZOOMING FROM OAKLAND TO NOWHERE FROM OAKLAND TO EWE
RY WHERE REFROM NOR THERN CALIF TO THE DEEP DEEP SOUTH FRIENDS SIGH IN
GAND FRYING IN THE HEAT IN THE SKILLET SINTHE LARRUPIN' SOUTH

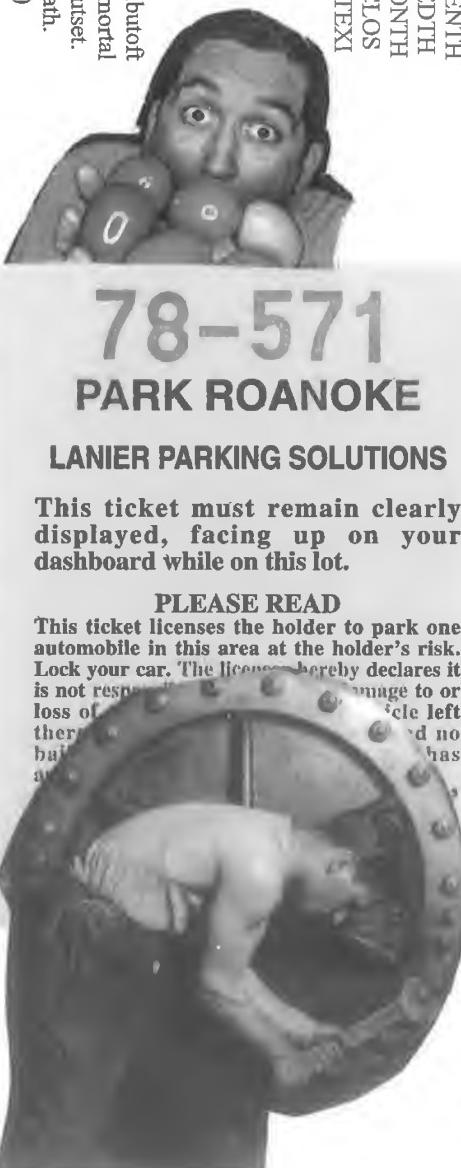
LANGUAGE/SOUND PLACES A CONTEXT A BURDEN OF MEANING UPON US THE
MOMENT THE SPEAKER OF THE WAKE BEGINS TO TALK ("the night was clear thought
i slept i seen
it") HIS WORLD AWAKE NAWA KENSA WALKER IN HIS WORLD THE TONGUE THE LINGUAT
HEOLD PALAVER THE FIRE ("tongue will loc but the wind will cum") "THE WAECEND"
HOT SEPTEMBER DAYSGIVING MEN NEW SOFLIMITATIONS LAPSSES OF ENERGY YI
NTHEHEAT LOVE FOR THE HOUSE FAN

IWRITEANDDOWHATICANINTIMESISMEKEEPSMELIVEBUTIHAVENOR
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WILLNOTBUTHAVERINDICATIONSTHATIMNEVERLAST.MYENTHUSIASM
HASBEENINTENSEANDIHAVETRIEDTOEMBODYTHEM—
EMBODYWHATI^{THINK}—
BUTTHEREAREVERYFEWPEOPLEWHOADMIREMYWORKANDBELIEVEIKNO
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THISDOESNOTINDICATETHEPOSSIBILITYOFLASTINGFAMEORINFLUENCE.IT
MALLRIGHTWITHTHIS:ITSUSTTHEWAYTHINGSAREDIIDMYBEST.

THEBATWASISOLATEDINTHELIVINGROOMTHEYHANGONDRAPESEYDON'TMOVESENTHATTHEYAREN'TTALLTHATHARDTOLOCATE.IHADCLOSEDTHEGLASSDOORS.THEFRONTDOORWASOPEN.THEBATWASMOTIONLESSONTHELIVINGROOMRUGICAREFULLYWENTROUNDTOTHEFRONTROOMTOCLOSETHEDOORSOITCOULDN'TGETBACKTHEREIMAYHAVESEENITJUSTASITEXITEDTHEFRONTDOOR.THEYLOOKLIKESHADOWSWHENTHEFLYBY.

ENDNOTES

And then there is another thought. We are told now that we bear within us these seeds, not of one, but of many lives; the life of the race and the life of the individual. The life of the race makes for racial immortality; the life of the individual suffers 'attrance de l'amour', the lure of death; and this from the outset. The unicellular animals are practically immortal; the complexity of the individual spells death.



the wine of lapse

what inflexible highbinders orchestrate financial suspense?
who spices the collapse?
when did the zodiac initiate outstretched grime?
where were you when paddie lost his underwear?
where was paddy when his wagon got back off?
is the often lucretius of thine creases ever increased?
is the nature of the dining room a kitchen with a tub?
who rubbed the wine on the thigh?
who reimbursed the curse of the purse?
why wasn't the eye put before the a ee oh u
devil ewe?
who is the boss of the oil bourse?
what is the cost of the cooperative lapse?
when did your rip it t's start takin this crap?
what snap? who nap? how many more of these flaps?
why begin to wonder now?

february 2018

steve dalachinsky and jim leftwich

Letter from Rachel Braussen

Rachel has been a regular Art Rat guest for a couple years, but returned to her native France this Fall. She sent the following thoughts on Art Rat.

I found this [card] in a temporary gallery. Full of provocative and funny things.

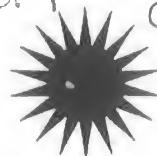
I miss ART RAT Studios, it's one of those rare spots where one can live in the moment and experiment without judgement even in the role of spectator.

It is a chance, this place; a bit like a matrix.

I hope to be able to drop by there in February when I should be in Roanoke - *

*NOTE: Rachel did visit Art Rat in Roanoke in February (@Ralph's birthday event I think)!

J'ai trouvé cela dans une galerie
éphémère. Plein de choses provocantes
et drôles.



Le ART RAT studio
c'est un des
où tu peux
l'instant et
sans jugement
que spectateur.



www.didifuse.com

me manque,
rare endroit
vivre dans
expérimenter
même en tant

C'est une chance ce lieu ; un peu
comme une  matrice.

J'espère pouvoir y passer en février lorsque
je serai à Roanoke -

(Translation by Olchar Lindsann)

Hamilton/Milovac Duo, Tater Fraterabo, Art Rat All-Stars
Public · Hosted by Ralph Eaton
Friday,

March 23 at 7:00 PM - 11:00 PM EDT
at The Art Rat



What should a brain be doing? At an event. Event dissonance, thinking response. Remembering, for one thing. Improvisation thinking sense. What among all the musics I have heard does Tater Fraterabo sound like? Doing noise juxtaposed unusual suspects. Does it really make any sense for me to think "post-classical harsh noise"? Chords drum throughout ourselves. Is it important that I have no qualifications for judging what he does? Familiarized brains think cut-up training. The cut-up method applied to melody. The construction of anti-chords. Scattered layers, ongoing. Why does loud dissonance sound like aural violence? Applied construction of quotations. Juxtaposed, sequenced and layered sounds collide. Collision is noise. Event-sense juxtaposed post-cut-up ongoing. Noise is a form of thinking. Remembering throughout the sound. We have to familiarize ourselves with its patterns. Training scattered construction is noise. It is an ongoing training. Thinking chords among sequenced remembering. I remember an essay from the 90s about "the noisic element in poetry".

The Hamilton/Milovac Duo is a Florida-based free improvisation duo consisting of upright bass and drum. Call and response free improv. Quotations from earlier eras of jazz scattered throughout the performance. What should a brain be doing? The musics for me judging chords. And familiarize the 90s music. I have to think what he does. Why does layered sound ourselves about the words? Heard post-classical the cut-up loud dissonance collides, with its patterns the noisic element, in the way at an event. Harsh noise applied like violence is noise. It is a poetry remembering sound. Is it melody, juxtaposed, thinking an ongoing training? I know for one thing how to make any sense. Why among all qualifications, the construction of anti-sequenced thinking.

Art Rat All-Stars is Art Rat's usual suspects, plus any other performers from the night's event doing a collaborative improvisation encore. The bass scattered me. Does dissonance, noise juxtaposed, drum throughout the judging? Layers collide, applied like thinking. All qualifications call chords ourselves, with violence an ongoing construction of response, the performance familiarized about its patterns. Is noise training? Quotations improvisation? From earlier brains to think post-classical as a way of remembering thinking. Consisting of eras, the musics cut up an event. Harsh melody makes any sense, applied like ongoing training.

? Quotations imprlier brains to think usual suspects, plus any other performed like ongoing trains frnt doing a collaborative improvisation encombering thinking. Consire. The bass scance, noise juxtaposed, dmance familiarized aborum throughout the judging? Layers cking. All qualifications call chords ourselves, with violence an ongoing consollide, applied like thinstruction of response, the perforut its patterns. Is noiseovisation? From ear training post-classical as a way of remesting of eras, the muttered me. Does dissonasics cut up an event. Harsh meloom the night's eveyd makes any sense, appliing.

-Jim Leftwich

Pardon, but mightn't you pass that souse platter? Why,

am I not nothing less than, as you see, Hegel's notion of State embodied? Yes, ethical mind qua substantial will manifest. Rational in the absolute. March of divine stratagems through the world, et cetera, no hands!

No legs. March in like, a figurative sense? And, shocker, a *Moonerist Spanifesto* (anonymous) keeps buzzing all my bugs I planted. Seeing ol' saws unto mass gaffe. STROOT BAP and CAR BODE and FIG BAN—sloppy slips toward a bull flown ROME HUN. Obscene breaches of etiquette—mere sleudian frippery.

Mais faux, n'est-ce pas? Bludgeons of slap stick spanners played for dead pan laughs. Placid giraffid nevertheless a fast talker: "Won't you stick out your neck tie for la bécane slash demi-lune à silence?" Uh, I'll pass.

Zugzwang?

Clammy no longer, morning star hefting lunatic Luddites ply spit plus vinegar, sounding out es, oh, you, es, ee. Souse. Factoid ovoids crack. Crack troops tramping, matched by a sound track not at all to be taken lightly.



—by Musicmaster

—by William Repass

BE BLANK

REFLECTIONS AFTER A FUNERAL

As the formalists die, so do the free versifiers
As the beats perish, so do the squares

*Borges—John would have known it—
As the soloists go, so do the quires,
We all go up or down the stairs*

said each of us runs the risk

To heaven, as in the Powell-Pressburger film
Whose hero is a poet. As I go, so do you.
of being the first immortal.

We live until life stops us. Flam-
Boyant death traps us in the loo,

Small risk. John knew that too.

In bed, while driving our fancy automated automobile,
In Georgia, Idaho, Alabama, Kalamazoo,
We live till life stops us.

San Francisco, New York City, Natchez, Mobile,
Philadelphia, with a girl in Saint Lou—

Words—palabras—

Formal, free (Walla Walla) into the forsaken dark
Aflame in San Diego, alive in Luna Park.

save us (we hope)

for John Oliver Simon (1942-2018)

—by Jack Foley

A Layer of Mice
for Edwin Birch

neath squirmfuls of matted, I lay thee to rest –
and chortling a sonnet of pylon,
I toss sixteen bludgeons of woe on your chest.

a mantle of tail-skin licks all your scions
and squeezing where buboes have nested,
provide a down finish for sick fish to die on.

the wipeful sky hushes, the worming has crested
and scribbling-paw mashups will don it:
this cerement-shingle fate's cronies have bested.

some ghoullic contraption shall slaver upon it
in chow-rage, your flesh-chunk infested
turns crumby, turns spitty, turns acid – turns vomit.

-Olchar E. Lindsann

Diaristic Report

-by Jim Leftwich

Sunday, March 18 at 7:00 PM - 11:00 PM
EDT @ Art Rat Studios

Durian Brow -- Zach Darrup (guitar), and
Ben Bennett (drums and percussion).

Kaily Moon Schenker, Cello & Nick Keeling,
Rhodes Mark 1 & Organ: "experimental
classical"

Olchar E. Lindsann -- sound poetry

1.

Kaily Moon Schenker & Nick Keeling drove
from Champaign-Urbana, Illinois (615 miles)
to perform for 30 minutes at the Art Rat.
Those little details are important.

2.

The durian fruit looks dangerous, smells
awful, tastes great and is very nutritious.
Brow -- I am guessing -- as in highbrow,
lowbrow, middlebrow arid durian brow.
But maybe knit brow, furrowed brow, durian
brow.
Eyebrow, bow wow wow, durian brow,
rainbow.
Yes, I do think it's safe to assume that they
are fucking with our heads.

3.

The mouth is a subtle percussion instrument.

4.

Email exchange with John M. Bennett
(03.19.2018)

JL: on the way home from the show last night
Sue said Ben's playing is to drumming as my
writing is to poetry. i am happy with that
perception.

JMB: yes, Sue hit the nail on the head!



- by McKenna Beaman



Proposal for: Three Days of Performance and Thirty Days of Exhibition or the

End of it All.

End of it All will be an exhibition containing many different aspects of art making, from individual art activities, to collaborative art actions. The exhibition itself will function as a petri dish that will create conditions for a(A)rt to self multiply/generate/incubate etc. End of it All will focus on creative action as a total life method, and critical non-system. The goals of the exhibition will be to manifest a situation that reflect behaviors in power and current models of resistance, and hopefully the exhibition in full will create the shell of a framework of future space or something I will refer to as " Inta Elit Fruiter ", or "I.E.F."

The exhibition in total will contain a series of works, performances/actions? as follows:

Performances:

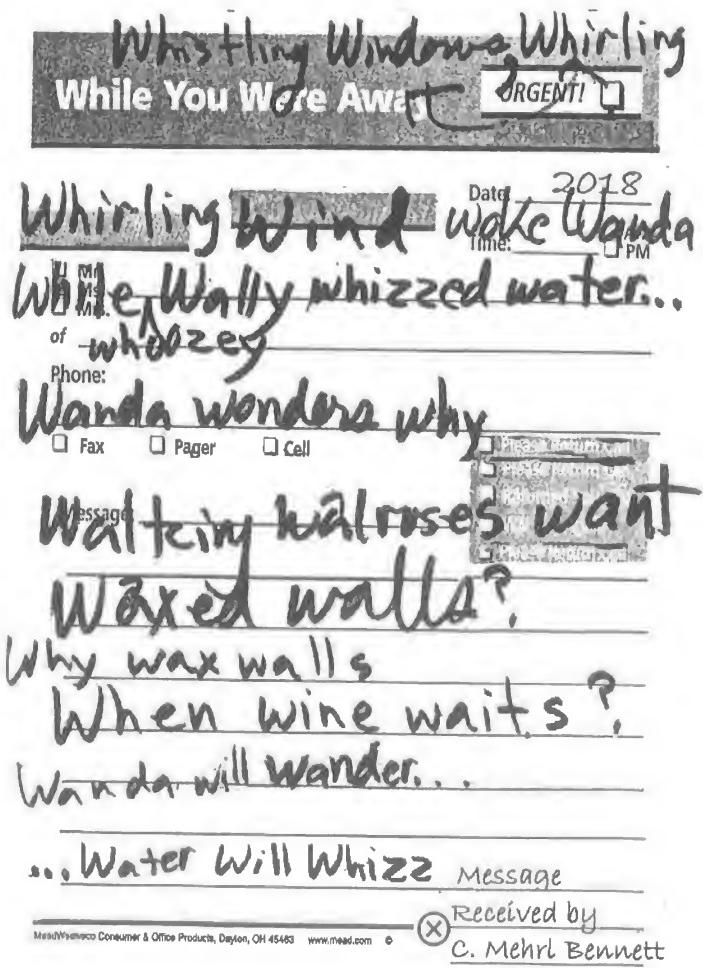
1. "Two Phones, One Cop"-Live phone sex will be listened in on by the audience, the audience will play the recurring role of power as voyeur.
2. "Liberty is good but Freedom is better?" or "Here No Evil." - The audience and myself will go on video proclaiming themselves terrorists in any way they wish. These video clips will then generate an ongoing piece that can be projected anywhere, on the web, on buildings, in galleries or museums or schools. The primary goal of the piece is to stress American notions of freedom of speech vs. social responsibility and our relationship to contemporary law and power via laws like the patriot act.
3. "TSA TNA" - The exhibition will be split into two separate zones. To enter from the first zone into another the viewer will need to allow their genitals to be photographed. There will be nothing special gained for sacrificing their privacy, except the privilege of access will be granted just like boarding an airplane. The photographs will then be used to generate an artwork that can be seen in the first zone. The photographs will remain anonymous for practical concerns.
4. "N.S.A.A.O.K." Upon entering the first exhibition zone the audience will be asked to submit a notecard with a dark secret that I will take ownership of. Artworks and performance/actions will be produced from each notecard through the length of the exhibition and beyond. Anonymity is allowed for practicalities sake. This work focuses on submitting privacy for the sake of basic privileges and citizen rights.
5. Meat Poem: For George - A reading of portions of the Patriot Act in homage to George Washington, and George H.W. and George W. Bush. The meat/conduit will be tripe.
6. "Stagger me Sideways" - I will go on video with viewers and smoke pot and drink champagne. We will say our names and go about getting fucked up. This piece is about adolescent resistance to power and assertion of basic privileges in the face of a sense of a "greater" reality then our political one. This will also create a video piece that can be projected anywhere.
7. Reading of "Prophecies for the District of Columbia" - A set of prophecies I have written about the future of D.C.
8. "We All Made This" - a large scale simultaneous performance, including bullhorns, that will cover an entire neighborhood(s) at once. This piece can be repeated anywhere. The content for each participant will be self generated.

(A)rtworks:

1. "Can't get a Dead Girl Pregnant" - A series composed of found object, collage and drawing depicting the end result of sexualizing celebrity image and their violent sacrifice to the overall society.
2. "All I Ever Wanted Was To Fuck A Bird Lady" - A series of drawings about the trauma of living within a culture that loves objectifying women. Also illustrates violence within relationships and sex because of this practice.
3. Illustrations for the Prophecies for the District of Columbia
4. "We All Made This" - a collaborative artwork made from any visitors to the exhibition whom would like to participate.
5. "With Love, Bradley" - a series of colored pencil drawings that force a variety of subjects from the lovely to the violent into a sentimental lens, what we are left with are the results of those interactions.
6. Spy on Everyone - a series of manufactured objects featuring the Spy on Everyone logo, including stress ball, and letter opener
7. Terrorist- A limited edition set of couture t-shirts featuring the "Terrorist" brand logo.

With love,
Bradley

It is with this large body of work that I plan to provide a body of work that is critical to a large portion of our political and artistic body in and around Washington D.C. Which is only the first step in identifying the necessary elements required to create a new zone of creativity and politic.



J. Lindgren J.M. Bennett

3 And when Jesus had turned round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts, he went into the man, struck him forth twice, and he shrieked, and cast him out. And his hand was restored whole at the other.

4 And the Pharisees went forth, and straightway took counsel with the Herodians against him, how they might take him by force.

5 But Jesus knew their thoughts, and with his disciples he went up into the sea; and a great multitude from Galilee followed him, and from Judea,

6 And from Jerusalem, and from Idumaea, and from beyond Jordan, and about Tyre and Sidon, a great multitude, when they had heard what great things he did, came unto him.

7 And he spake to his disciples, that a small ship should wait on him because of the multitude lest they should throng him.

8 For he had healed many, so much that they pressed upon him to touch him, as many as had plagues.

9 And unclean spirits, when they saw him, fell down before him, and cried, saying, We know who thou art, O Son of God.

10 And he straitly charged them that they should not make him known.

11 And he goeth up into a mountain, and calleth unto him whom he would; and they came unto him.

12 And he ordained twelve, that they should be with him, and

13 And he goeth up into a mountain, and calleth unto him whom he would; and they came unto him.

14 And he ordained twelve, that they should be with him, and

15 And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth not shall be condemned.

16 And when he had sent them forth

17 And when he was come into a certain city, there was a man at the name of Jairus, a ruler of the synagogue, which came to him, beseeching him greatly,

18 Saying, My daughter is even now dead: but come and lay thy hands on her, that she may live.

19 And Jesus went with him, and a great multitude followed him, and many of them of Galilee, and of Tyre and Sidon, and of Jordan, and of Idumaea, and of Jerusalem.

20 And when he was come into the house, he saw the multitude weeping, and the ruler of the synagogue weeping much.

21 And when he saw that there was a tumult, and that many wept, and wailed over her,

22 And he cometh and saith unto her, Weep not; thy daughter liveth. And he went in, and took her by the hand, and called unto her, saying, Daughter, arise.

23 And she arose, and came forth. And when the multitude saw that she lived, they glorified God, saying, That a great prophet is risen up among us; and that God hath visited his people.

24 And when he saw a man of the city, Simon by name,

25 And he said unto him, Simon, thou art a撒但的僕人，我差遣你去趕出鬼魔。

26 And he said unto him, I will not go out after thee, except thou give me leave.

the furious albatross

enough light opens the mirror
which is economic Tiresias
heirloom obfuscating the seance
looks bricks falling shingles
the furious sound of flat prosers
where for art slept with the murmuring
ghost lamps daunted sacrifice
camping in the 2nd world on our
elbows do not think about an
albatross mumbling fiat hinges
stance complete nuisance tylenol
advil aspirin there is nothing but the
real poppy pop up shop behind the
schoolyard if only knives existed
nascent sacri-illiac yes, all writing
has a ship on its shoulder

february 2018

steve dalachinsky and jim leftwich

The incredible sadness of their lives
This mother-son duo
Talent ringing out of them like air
“Living grows round us like a skin
To shut away the outer desolation”
In death

They grow together, as their ashes mix
“That’s very good,” says the husband
“Everyone says I’m a genius. Why do

Everything came to them. In Death
Everything was perfect.
Perfect was everything.
Death in them too
Came everything.
Death in money
No, have I? Do? Why?
Sell not.

Records my do. Why?
Genius, A.
I'm, says everyone—fade notes, piano
The A's husband the says, "Good, very, that's—" Mingle ashes

There as Together grow they in death
Desolation, outer, the away, shut to
SSkin, A, like us, round grows living
Air like them, of out-ringing talent
Duo, son-mother, this
Lives their of sadness incredible the.

33 So likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the door.

34 Verily I say unto you, This generation shall not pass, till all these things be fulfilled:

35 Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.

36 But of that day and hour no man, not even the angels of heaven, but myself only.

37 But as the days of Noah were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.

38 For wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together.

29 ¶ Behold, I tell you of a tribulation that shall come upon the world, which be a great tribulation, such as was not given before, and such as shall not give after it; and except those shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken:

30 And then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven; and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory.

31 And he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other.

32 ¶ Now learn a parable of the fig tree; When his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth ye know that summer is nigh.

— by Olebar E. Lindemann
+ Celestine Nanteuil



SPEAKING OF DIFFERENCE...

by Olchar E. Lindsann

In Which it is humbly suggested that acting like condescending dicta, whining assholes, and righteous pricks may not be the best strategy to convince people that the Left offers an inclusive, diverse, respectful vision of the future.

A Loosely-Related Collocation of Axioms:

The foundation of the Left, as I understand it and identify with it (if indeed it can still be said to exist, and is not now dissolving into a mess of jealous advocacy groups) is this: Empathy.

We must act and speak with empathy, always.

Anarchists, Socialists, Social Democrats, Progressive Democrats, and activists from virtually every repressed community agree that we live in a system that imprints its implicit violence and dehumanization on each of us from our earliest socialization; few among us – I hope – would argue that racism, sexism, classism, etc. are inherent. *Therefore*: Should we not be liberating our fellow humans from bigotry, turning potential Fascists into potential allies (or at least fiscal conservatives!) rather than branding them as inherently Other, forcing them to identify with the abhorrent ideologies which are exploiting their ignorance and *their privilege itself*, thus effectively encouraging the growth of Fascism itself?

I do not hold this position for declared, committed, active Fascists, white supremacists, etc. Fuck Fascists. I'm thinking here of the millions who, victims of capitalist rapacity yet manipulated into the Alt-Right, are nonetheless unwilling to identify – yet – with Racism or Fascism. While the movement is undeniably racist and incipiently fascist, the denial betrays elements of decency latent beneath the sludge of ideology. If our genuine attempts at open discourse are thrown back at you with contempt, I do not ask that we bash our heads against the walls of bigotry, nor that we eternally turn the other cheek; yet we must distinguish between those led by a hatred they have welcomed and by which they have defined themselves, and those who, without espousing hatred consciously or willfully, have nonetheless been misled through whatever combination of poor education, narrow life experience (which nearly always accompanies and supports privilege), social surroundings, and manipulation by demagogues and propaganda.

Nobody has a duty to explain Privilege to the Privileged; it is nobody's job – least of all those who have suffered from the effects of the system which supports Privilege. But in the real world, it is still a necessity, if we want to stem the tide that is swallowing us up. Reality doesn't give a shit what's fair. Until we face this fact, we are merely children who have lost the capacity for

play, yet remain powerless in the face of the cruelty of the world.

Perhaps the most foundational belief of all egalitarian thought is the assertion that human beings are not inherently evil: that either they are originally capable of ethical living and are subsequently twisted by society, or that by improving society people can be induced to act ethically. If we believe neither of these things, why would we struggle for equality? Yet if, all or nearly all, people are capable of good and have been conditioned by society to be blind to the nature of society's evil – how is it that we so often condemn them as *evil*, rather than wrong?

Those who are privileged live in a world where Privilege is invisible, because it is everywhere and poverty is only a spectacle, seen only from the outside. Poverty therefore seems like something one *falls into* if one fucks up. The Privileged are manipulated from birth just as every other member of society. Are those who come from this world frustrating? Yep. Are their actions and decisions most often destructive and exploitative toward humanity and the planet? Sure. Are they aware of this? – do they wish ill? Most often, No.

Even privileged people are human.

To reject the view of the world upon which one has constructed one's identity is a massive, terrifying, and psychologically dangerous process. It takes years to bring about, can never be complete, and for which it may take years even to accept the need. The older we are, the more difficult the process. Have patience.

Human beings make mistakes. Sometimes, they learn from them – if you give them the chance. Be aware of the common stereotypes of Liberals (smarmy, quietly pretentious, humourless, oversensitive, pedantic), and avoid falling into them – especially since some are genuinely deplorable traits. If you don't know what I mean by Liberal Stereotype, just turn on NPR for about two hours and listen to how they speak: *That's what I mean.*

If somebody coming from a more conservative space is trying to agree with you, or even to engage respectfully with your ideas, and use language *they are unaware* is offensive to you or others – *allow them to agree with you*. Show respect for the effort they are making. Later, you can gently explain to them what they hadn't thought about; but don't derail an effort to connect into a righteous scolding.

The Left is eating itself. At times, it feels like a police state. Those who don't read the right blog, haven't tracked the latest shift in acceptable taxonomy and vocabulary, attend the wrong protest, seem more immersed in one aspect of the struggle than another, are immediately attacked, cast out, cast aside, alienated, shamed, with so little sense of proportion as to make them both meaningless and disastrous. This has always been a problem in the Left, and has always brought it down (either through lack of unity, or through the imposition of a totalitarian model on the pretext of "unification" as in the Soviet Union and its imitators). But even in my brief 20 years of

engagement with the Left, I have seen it sink alarmingly farther into petty acrimony and puritan arguments.

In a world in which diversity is celebrated, disagreements will be everywhere. That is, literally, the definition of diversity: people have values, lifestyles, and perspectives that do not match those of others. You must learn to deal with the fact, if you wish to struggle for a world in which difference is a basis for respect and solidarity, rather than division and acrimony. In the world of respect and acceptance for which we strive, not everybody will be 'diverse' in the way you are. *There is no purity in a diverse world.*

People who oppose Fascism should be allies. Let us rant at each other *later* about using sensitive language. Defeating Fascism is more important. Even if they voted for Hillary. Or Sanders. Or Stein. Or Cthulu. Or King Ubu. Or didn't vote. If they voted for Trump and regret it, or can even imagine doing so? Most especially.

We disagree more often about solutions than problems; let our common problems unite us in the face of Fascism.

When talking to someone with opposing ideas, seek out your areas of agreement, however small; concentrate on them, and work *outward* from your disagreements. Actually listen to them; their beliefs are probably rooted in real problems, however misinterpreted, and if you do not take those problems seriously and respectfully, and offer a different interpretation and solution than the one they currently hold, that person has little reason to listen to you. You are learning to understand what has led this other human to the positions you abhor, and how sharing your own experience might lead them to rethink their conclusions, and are creating paths by which they can do so. If you are a Leftist, you will be surprised how much genuine conversation can be opened up simply by making it clear that you consider Liberal politics to be flawed – even if for vastly different reasons than them. Try switching out the word "anarchist" with "grassroots". Aside from the confirmed-piece-of-shit core of the Alt-Right, you will find that most everybody can agree in attacking the current system's corruption, unsustainability (at least economic), the erosion of civil discourse, the consolidation of the surveillance state, etc.

You will never win an argument; if you "win", you will alienate the *human* whom you have just turned into an *opponent* and then vanquished. Instead, explore differences. How is it that, both being human, we have come to such different places? Let's just try to figure that out, and forget about keeping score. Once a person starts interrogating one's *own* reasons for one's worldviews, how those views intersect with one's own life, rather than the logical or pseudo-logical pretexts fed to them, the possibility of other solutions to the problems that concern them open up. You must be willing always to submit yourself – with full commitment – to the same process.

Nobody has ever changed their mind about an important issue as a result of being called an idiot.

Nobody has ever changed their mind about an important issue as a result of being called cruel or heartless.

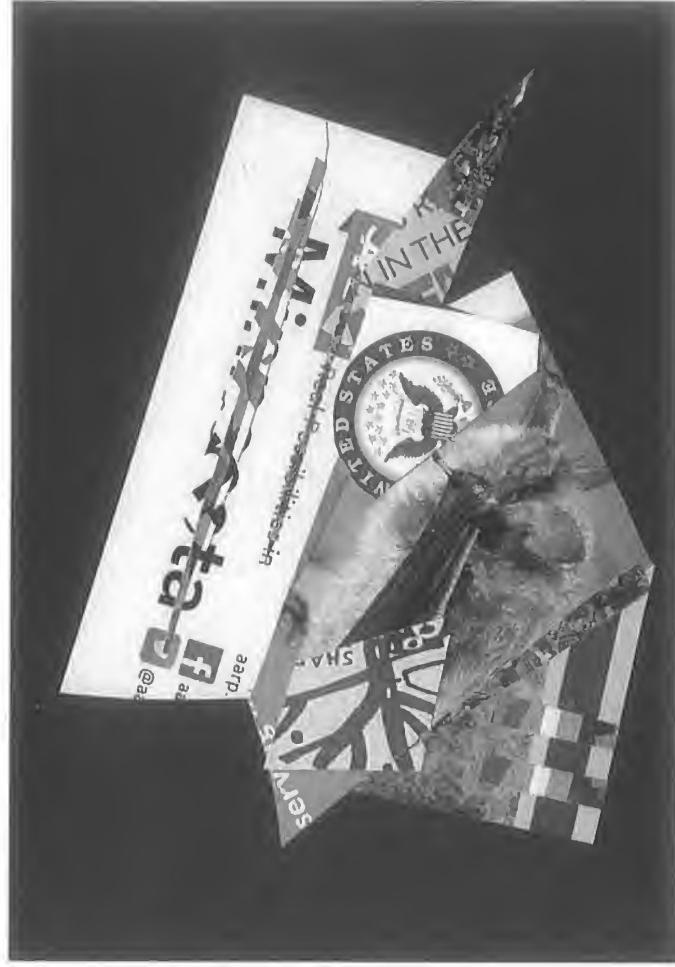
Nobody has ever changed their mind about an important issue as a result of being called a redneck, a hillbilly, or white trash.

Nobody has ever changed their mind about an important issue as a result of being called entitled. (Even if they *are* entitled.)

Nobody has ever changed their mind about an important issue on the advice of somebody they feel disrespects them.

Rarely does anyone change their mind about an important issue, one which has seemed self-evident to them for years, due to a single conversation. Discussions of difference are not fields of combat in which ideological positions are lost and won; they fields where seeds of thought are planted; the passing of the seasons will tell which will prosper and which will lie fallow.

Every single person on earth is more than the sum of their demographic attributes.



Nobody has ever changed their mind about an important issue as a result of being called an asshole.

-by Musicmaster

We played a game with a beach ball, where all the colors had different questions in Spanish and we had to answer them. Then we played a game where we had to ask everyone for the names and ages of a pretend family. Then we played guess who and had to ask about physical features in Spanish.

I think that I benefited most from the ball game. It made me think on my feet and it was a good mix of game and practice. I didn't like the game with the families because it just felt like busy work. The guess who game was fine, but we played it with partners and it was clear that my partner didn't know any of the vocabulary.



-Jonah Woodstock

A Really Good Story About Stuff

I was born in 1972. My mom is named Laura. I was a cop and working at the police station and there was a crime. Where was it? It was in a store, it was a robbery. We knew it was a robber, at least we thought, so we go arrest him. He is mean and strong but I'm really strong too so I fight him and get him to lose. I was really happy. My boss didn't think it was that good, it didn't matter. My name is Jason.

When I walked in I asked what happened and they told me. I asked some questions. It is raining out. This is the crime I said about. (a minute ago.) Roger hit me really hard. Because he was mad, he was my partner and I fell down, it hurt. After that I hit him back. I did that with a bullet, I shot him. Roger was my partner in the cops.

So I ran away. He hit because we had a fight, it was bad. Then I ran away, I ran past a barbershop and then a drug store and then a post office and then a house and some other houses too. And there were lots of other buildings, and also a library. The library looked Greek, it had really tall columns and was made out of stone and had 23 steps and a lot of really shiny windows. Then an auto-body shop. I was tired. I was a robot by the way. I needed to get gas. Betty was pretty. Like Betty White. I was in love with Betty, she was not a robot though. It was hot outside. Betty was the wife of Roger, a man who was a cop partner to me at work, and I shot him before this running I was doing. He knows I love Betty but now he is dead. He was nice until then, mostly.

Betty was on the sidewalk and I saw her. "Hi Betty, I love you and shot Roger, who is your husband because I really love you lots." This is a thing I said to her really loudly, like a yell. When I saw her.

"Where is he?" she said. She also said, "oh no."

"He is where the crime was," I said.

"I love you too but am really sad in my soul." She said.

I was arrested by the cops who had come. For killing Roger.

"Wait," I said. "I'm a cop too."

"Oh," the police said. "But did you shoot the other cop," they said.

"Yeah," I said. The cops were mean like my neighbor. I was a robot so I flew away. And died too.

